

WAS WEAK AND DIZZY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored the Patient to Perfect Health and Strength.

Mrs. Mary Gagner, of No. 576 South Summer street, Holyoke, Mass., has passed through an experience which proves that some of the greatest blessings of life may lie within easy reach and yet be found only by mere chance. A few years ago while she was employed in the mills she was suddenly seized with dizziness and great weakness.

"My condition at last became so bad that I was obliged to give up work in the mill, and later still I became so feebly that I could not even attend to my household duties. After the slightest exertion I had to lie down and rest until I regained strength."

"A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People urged me to try them. I bought a box and began to take them. The benefit was so apparent and so quickly evident that I continued to use the pills until I had taken altogether six boxes. By that time I was entirely cured, and for two years I have had no return of my trouble. I am now in the best of health and able to attend to all my duties. I am glad to acknowledge the benefit I received and I hope that my statement may be the means of inducing others who may suffer in this way to try this wonderful medicine."

The secret of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of debility, such as Mrs. Gagner's lies in the fact that they make new blood, and every organ and even every tiny nerve in the body feels the stir of a new tide of strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Icebergs sometimes last for 200 years.

The normal life of a mouse is three years.

Attentive is the name of Britain's latest 25-knot scout ship.

In England a man can take out an insurance policy against twins.

The young king of Spain is several inches shorter than his fiancée.

Giraffes and ant-eaters each have tongues nearly two feet in length.

The British soldier is now to possess three shirts instead of two.

A silver coin remains in currency for an average period of 27 years.

Diamonds have been discovered in Kentucky—and of the first whisky.

The Japanese prefer soft wheat flour from the United States to the flour made in Canada.

Montreal has the largest flour mill in the British empire. It turns out 5,000 barrels of flour a day.

An Italian who tried to walk through the Simpson tunnel was stifled by the heat and died.

British warships carry 36 out of every hundred of the total number of naval guns in existence.

The coach in which the lord mayor of London rides on state occasions has been in use since 1757.

M. Fallieres' election as president of the French republic cost \$5,000. His salary is \$20,000 a month.

It is stated that at least 20,000 square miles in Liberia are covered with dense rubber-tree forests.

Rome has a water supply of 200,000,000 gallons a day; London, only 150,000,000, and Paris, 50,000,000.

ADAMS' ANIMADVERSIONS.

Many are called, but few deliver the goods.

As the father is bent the child is inclined.

A good jolly is worth whatever you pay for it.

It is a wise father that tumbles to his own son.

Some people are good because it comes high to be otherwise.

A patient woman can educate anyone except her own husband.

In all the learned professions, many are called but few are chosen.

Every man knocks his own line of work and sticks to it like glue.

In these days, chivalry must wear a tag or it will not be recognized.

A complete change will always do one good and sometimes do him to a finish.

COSTLIEST IN THE WORLD.

The costliest building is the Milan cathedral.

The costliest dog was a St. Bernard, Plinlimmon, who sold for \$21,250.

The costliest modern painting is Meissonier's "1814," which sold for \$175,000.

The costliest cigars are the Vuelta Abajos, which sometimes retail at four dollars apiece.

The costliest government is the French. The government salaries aggregate \$3,750,000.

The costliest diamond is the Hyderabad, for which the nizam of Hyderabad paid \$2,150,000.

FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee a nurse of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brother I had a good chance to try Postum Food Coffee, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks, after using Postum, I found my head aches disappeared and also the indigestion."

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used."

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness."

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They must always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage."

"There's a reason" for Postum.

THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER

(A Tale of the Old West)

By ARTHUR COODRICH

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowler)

Silence hung heavy in the plaza of Santa Fe late one afternoon in 1862. Suddenly there came a clatter of hoofs, unsteady with weariness, scattering the stillness with sharp echoes. A man, coming out at the moment from one of the low adobe buildings, waved his hand and the rider drew up short and stopped.

The two men as they faced each other were in striking contrast. One stood with his feet well apart, sinews pulled tight like wire-rope over his slight frame. The other, broad shoulders bent with fatigue, begrimed with dirt, but black eyes flashing with the unbridled fire of youth, swung himself from the sweating, panting beast. They were both pony express riders.

The dismounted rider's knees gave under him and he leaned against his horse for support.

"Tired?" asked the older man with a malevolent grin.

The young fellow stared at him vaguely for a moment. Then a thought seemed to strike him, for he leaned forward eagerly.

"Look-a-here, Harry! I'm pestered, you're fresh. You go to Fort Union and back for me for a ten-spot?"

"I'll go," said the other, and they walked slowly to the corral. Half an hour later "Old Harry" Simmons rode down the plaza. Meanwhile Ralph Mead was lying sprawled on a narrow bunk in the corral, sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

Ralph Mead had been left fatherless, motherless and penniless when he was 11 years old. His nearest relatives had bound him out to a hard-headed Connecticut farmer who believed in corporal punishment for persons smaller than himself. Three months later the boy slipped out of the house of his slavery and started west in pursuit of excitement and happiness. He was now 18 years old, with the muscle and judgment and experience of a frontiersman of 30.

The sun was glaring sullenly through the doorway when he awoke suddenly.

"Here you, Mead! Git up an' out o' this."

"What's matter?" he asked, still half-asleep.

"You've got to go to Fort Union."

Mead smiled reproachfully and, lying back once more, curled up on the bunk and closed his eyes.

"Harry Simmons—gone—Fort Union," he said, sleepily.

"Simmons' dead. Killed and scalped at Pecos Church," he heard the voice say. Then he jumped to his feet, and threw on his clothes as he listened.

"Party of Mexicans—just came in—found Simmons. Indians out, Navahos and White Mountain Apaches. Regular trail dangerous."

These were the words that his now acute senses heard and understood.

The black mustang had killed two men and had maimed a third before



STARTED WEST.

Mead had broken him. Now he was the rider's slave, and proud of it. No one else dared ride him. And so, on they went through the hot sunshine, Mead's brain steeled by sleep, his senses keen, his horse throbbing beneath him, and danger ahead.

As he rounded a turn in the trail into which a great rock had jutted and obscured the view, the bloody scene lay quivering before him. At the right of the roadway Indians, at the left, Indians, crouching behind boulders, hiding in the chaparral, slipping silently among the high bunch grass, sighting across the trail that lay before him. Only a second he hesitated. He could not go back. Some of them had probably already seen him.

"I started for Fort Union," he muttered, "and by the eternal I'm going!"

Mead dropped the rein over the high pommel of his saddle and leaning forward, lay close to the mustang's neck, seizing as he did so the revolver from his high boots. Almost instantly they were in the midst of it, the best-plunging sure-footed over dead bodies still warm in the alkali dust, the man shooting at random to both right and left and bellowing at the top of his voice.

Almost before he knew it he was past them and boring straight on through the whistling wind.

His mad daring had saved him temporarily, but it had also united the fighting war parties. They were probably the same bands which had ambushed Simmons and had later cut across to the canyon and quarreled there. They were coming! Mead heaved a deep sigh and called again to the mustang; they started down the narrow trail beyond.

A low rambling structure, like a group of huts, sprang up suddenly beside the road, and in the doorway stood a girl. Mead started as he saw her—a girl, and those devils behind! The mustang plowed her fore feet into the ground and stopped.

"Infjuna—half mile back—oomin' rapid," she shouted. The girl, of good height for a woman, broad-hipped, full-breasted, a healthy red showing through the tan of her cheeks, her smooth brown hair braided carelessly to her waist, her arms akimbo, stared at him doubtfully as he filled with quick saps the empty can of a revolver.

"Git along, stranger," she called, in singsong tones. "Reckon you're afraid."

The mustang's ears at that instant stood straight once more and quivering. Mead turned upon the girl, and covered her with the revolver.

"Git yer horse an' yer family goin', quick," he ordered, deliberately. For a second the girl did not move, but smiled defiantly at him; then she stood bolt upright, tense, listening. She heard now the confused rumble of many horses, far away, at which the tired mustang was already dancin' impatiently. She disappeared within the building while he sat in the narrow trail, the noise of the pursuit growing rapidly louder in his ears. A frightened whinnying came from somewhere at the rear of the main cabin; a door slammed and a single, squat, dirty-yellow mustang sprang into sight around the corner of the structure, the girl straddling its bare back. At that moment a shrieking, echoing yell arose behind them. They had been seen. Then the race began once more, the black mustang pounding doggedly behind the wicked pace of the yellow beast.

Two miles farther on he came up with the girl as they were fording a narrow creek.

"Ain't seen an Injun sence we've been thar," she gasped between breaths, as if in explanation. "Dad, he's went to Santa Fe."

"Throo th' canyon?"

She nodded her head as they reached the farther bank and she took the lead again. But the black mustang was weakening; his gait wavered, his eyes were bloodshot. At last he stumbled and fell on one knee, the leg snapped, and he lay quivering across the trail.

The girl turned abruptly and came back. Mead took the mail bags from the mustang's back and threw them to her.

"I'll hold 'em back while ye git a start," he said, laconically, drawing his pistols. He turned to face the trail.

"Good-by," he called over his shoulder.

"Stranger!" the girl said, quietly. He whirled and faced a small pistol she had drawn from her belt. "Git up behind, quick. I ain't a-goin' to budge a foot of ye don't," she added as he hesitated.

Mead laughed aloud as he thought how quickly she had turned his own game upon him. Then she laughed also as he turned and mercifully shot the black mustang, before leaping up behind her.

The yellow mustang struggled forward bravely under the double burden, but the contest was unequal. The hoofbeats behind them grew louder and at last they could hear the noise of guttural voices from behind the turns in the winding trail. A few moments later an arrow struck fire in the roadway beside them. Then, as Mead reached down for a revolver, the girl uttered a low cry. There was the fort, less than a mile away, its bare walls looming gray in the distance.

Together they spurred the straining beast beneath them down the long incline, while arrows and an occasional bullet whirled and sang about them. They could hear now the quick breath of the tired horses behind them, the triumphant shouts, the beat of stifling things upon a dozen halloes. Now came the short up-hill stretch to the fort, a little more than a quarter of a mile away; but the exhausted mustang shivered with each bound up the ascent, his reach growing shorter, his pace slower. Two arrows struck him almost at the same instant, and he fell heavily. But Mead had jumped clear, carrying the girl with him. They were on their feet quickly.

"Run!" he called. His first shot rang out, and an Indian trailed from the saddle. Others went down before his steady aim as he ran backward up the incline. His left arm fell limp and the pistol dropped to the ground. Someone picked it up. Someone was firing calmly beside him. The horses were almost on them and the sneering, gloating, painted faces, when he heard vaguely a rumbling, many-voiced cheer behind him, then the foremost Indians looked beyond him and wheeled suddenly and dashed down the hill in scattering confusion.

A few days later a man, his arm still in a sling, rode down the hill from Fort Union. A girl rode beside him. The man looked at her furtively now and then and his rugged face showed embarrassment.

"Say," he said at last, "I've got a red-colored temper. I mean I am."

"Full!" she answered, staring at the trail. The man hesitated for a moment.

"I've got \$14.17 exact," he remarked. The girl did not change her position. The man was silent for a moment or two.

"Where're ye headin' fer?" he asked, with something like a sigh.

She turned and looked at him, a smile quivering about her full lips.

"Where're you all goin'?" she asked, meaningly.

The two horses came close together and stopped short to the tug of their bridles. After a time they went on once more.

"What'll yer dad say?" asked the man.

"Dad," returned the girl, patting her mustang's neck carelessly, "he weren't good for much, tho' he meant right, dad did. Ef he's alive, he'll jest go off 'bout his business."

"Say," cried the man, a thought suddenly striking him. "What's yer name?"

"Annie," she said.

AS IN A ROSE JAR.

As in a rose jar filled with petals sweet, Blown long ago in some old garden place, Mayhap, where you and I, a little space, Drank deep of love and knew that love was sweet—

Or leaves once gathered from a lost retreat—

By one who never will again retreats, Her silent footsteps—one, whose gentle face Was fairer than the roses at her feet.

So, deep within the vase of memory, I keep my days of roses fresh and dear, As in the days before I knew the smart Of time and death. Nor ought can take From me

The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—

As in a rose jar, so within my heart!—Thomas S. Jones, Jr., in Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine.

Mice in Mines.

White mice are to be put to novel use in South Africa. It has been shown that with 0.4 per cent. of carbon monoxide in the air, one of these very susceptible animals becomes unconscious in three minutes, but that a man feels no discomfort for half an hour. It is urged, therefore, that operators of coal mines, and even of metalliferous mines, be required to test the air by means of these creatures whenever the presence of dangerous gas is suspected.

HOW TO USE A CHAIR.

Very Few Women Seat Themselves Gracefully—A Few Persistent Points Thereon.

The little woman looks odd in a high chair. With her feet dangling and her back ill-fitting, she has a misfit look which is as uncomfortable to the beholder as it is to herself. She looks and feels as if she is out of place.

In order to appear to the best possible advantage it is essential that my lady should be seated upon a chair that is neither too high nor too low. In her own house she easily can arrange it so she has a chair just suited to her. It follows that every drawing room should be furnished with chairs of diversified heights. When this is the case guests of all statures will be able to find chairs that are exactly suited to them.

The subject is of much greater consequence than the average matron or so-



AN EASY POSTURE.

ciety belle has considered it—that is, if she has considered it at all. But once awakened to its importance she will devote to it some time and attention that she will find to be by no means mispent.

The resourceful woman can do much toward acquiring the desired accomplishment. So far the comprehensive correspondence school genius has not added the study to his curriculum, but in most large cities there are exclusive finishing schools where they give lessons in sitting down. They divide the lessons into four parts: First, entering the room; second, the greeting; third, the selection of a chair; and, fourth, the being seated.

In the fourth class there are many things to be grasped. The first is that you must not lean forward, when you sit down. It looks awkward. Don't sit with the body inclined forward. It gives one a look as though one were about to start.

Don't sit with one foot doubled in under your chair; and, of course, don't sit on your feet. Place your feet in front of you, not extended too far, and don't spread them too far apart. Let them rest easily upon the carpet.

When you sit down, don't lol! don't lean way back; don't cross your feet, and don't look too uncomfortable. Rest comfortably, but don't be too comfortable. Moderation in this matter is as important as moderation in anything else.

THE COURTEOUS PERSON.

Even Reproof Need Not Be Given Rudely—About Various Points of Etiquette.

There is never an excuse for rudeness; a perfectly well-bred person is never rude. If occasion demands, and reproof must be given, it need not be given rudely; rather with a dignity that makes it all the more effective.

To be curious about other people's affairs is to be rude; to intrude when one is not quite sure that a conversation is private, is to be rude; to make direct personal allusions is rude; to turn remarks into a personal application is rude. In short, anything that in any way seems in the least calculated to make others uncomfortable is absolute rudeness, for which there is no excuse.

A very rude thing is to interrupt with a contradiction or correction, either of pronunciation or of statement; in the first the person may be purposely misstating with some ulterior object, with which one has no concern. If this is not the case, it is better to take the opportunity to call attention in an aside, rather than before others.

To correct is to confuse: If it is in the matter of pronunciation, remember that different localities have different pronunciations of the same word, and yours might sound quite as bad, even worse, in such localities.

Some very well-informed people have peculiar ways of pronouncing simple words; the close "u" of the Virginian is an example. This can by no means be considered incorrect; it is habit and the custom; therefore, it is rude to notice it in a fault-finding or corrective spirit.

Also, in the matter of pronouncing words that are a little out of the ordinary; it is never so much the accent on the right syllable that is to be noted as that the word itself is correctly applied. Many learn from reading, and yet may not have opportunities of hearing such words pronounced as they should be. It is not the place of the listener to correct, unless requested, and then only in the polite spirit.

THE PLAY UNIFORM.

It Adds Very Much to the Child's Comfort to Have Overall Like One Here Described.

Holland is used for this overall, which will be found a very useful style for outing wear, as it is easily washed and ironed. It is tucked at the top, both front and back, the tucks being shorter at the sides than in the center. The tucks are divided in series of four by pointed straps of red and holland-colored embroidery. The lower edge is turned up with a hem one inch wide. The sleeves are gathered into straight wristbands, which, like the small turn-over collar, are edged with embroidery. Leghorns hat trimmed with cream silk spotted with red.

Materials required: 3 yards holland 2 1/2 inches wide, 2 yards embroidery.

WHEN MY LADY MOTORS.

A Superior Material for the Coat Is an Olive Tweed with Hair Line of Black.

The chief point worthy of note at the moment with regard to auto modes seems to be the waning of the popularity of leather for coats, the general conclusion being that it is too reminiscent of the chauffeur. Apart from this, there is also the question of the way in which it shows the dirt, and, although it is, of course, quite possible to have such a coat cleaned, this is an extensive and expensive business.

As a lining, however, leather is more to be desired than ever it was, and in this capacity it is much used. Under such circumstances it is possible to employ the most delicate tones, and champagne, pale blue and the palest green, are among the shades most frequently employed.

The outer part of the coats thus lined is tweed, either self-colored or a mixture, and in the mixtures green is the predominant color.

The particular tone in favor just now is an olive shade, and an ideal coat is of tweed, in which this predominates. It has collar and revers faced with plain cloth to match, and a band of the same drawing in the fullness at the back. The lining is a much paler shade of green leather, with a suggestion of spring about it. This olive green tweed with a black check in it is quite the most desirable of all the tweeds of the moment, and a very superior motor suit is made of it, trimmed lightly with black kid. The suit is double-breasted, and instead of the ordinary roll-over collar, the collar is simulated in the kid stitched flat on to the coat, and decorated at the rounded corners with three little kid-covered buttons. The cuffs follow the same idea, making the garment particularly suitable for slipping in and out of a big coat, as there is nothing to cause inconvenient ruckling.

In the instances where the coats are themselves made of leather, the newest idea is Danish leather, a sheepskin used on the rough suede side, and differing very little save in name, from ordinary leather. The real distinction, however, lies in the fact that it is prepared in a new way, which makes it lighter, more supple and more comfortable to wear than anything else of the kind.

One novel mackintosh seen the other day was entirely box plated, both the sleeves and the coat itself, and, of course, delightfully roomy for putting on over another coat. The waterproof coats looked charming, with the relief of facings of colored cloth, generally green, on collar and cuffs. There is a peculiar shade of red that is very successfully used in this way.

BELGIUM'S ART REGNANT.

Growing Industries Fail to Stamp Out the Work of Poet and Painter.

No country is more frankly industrial than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Brabant, the leafy copses of Hainaut, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and scarred by hundreds of collieries and iron foundries, writes Christian Brinton, in "A Sculptor of the Laborer," in Century. Everything, it would appear, has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived and have even taken on new and deeper significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Verhaeren and the gentle mysticism of the Maeterlinck have all flowered on this somber battlefield of industry. In painting Laermans and Frederic reveal a penetrating mastery, while the sculpture of George Aulne embodies a dolorous and tender appeal.

It is not despite, but because of, existing conditions that such results have been achieved. The art of Belgium is uncompromisingly social. It has never been and never can be, a mere matter of play or prettiness. Nowhere is the social function of art more clearly understood; nowhere is its expression more robust or more concrete. Around Charles de Groux, the apostle of the poor, the painter of the forlorn and famished, gathered a group of men whose creed was actuality, whose passion was not vapid, languid loveliness, but a truth that could enlist the deepest human emotions and aspirations. The supreme accent of the movement did not, however, manifest itself in painting or in letters. It was voiced in the vigorous yet resigned art of Constantin Meunier.

Not to Be Deceived.

Boys, business men of your town know you better than your parents. There eyes are on you when you are least aware. You may slip away from your mother, you may dupe and deceive your best friends, you may elude the watchful eye of your teacher, you may trifle with the confidence of your Sunday school superintendent, but you can't fool the business men in your town when they have a position to be filled.—Kansas City Journal.

Grill the He's.

There is one way the women get revenge on the men. When they want a fried chicken they always write the young rooster's neck and save the pullets.

What the Woman Thought.

They were talking about the new star in society.

"She never laughs at jokes," said the man.

"Maybe she has no sense of humor," said the other man.

"Maybe she has false teeth," said the woman.

And then the conversation languished.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bedouin Diet.

The Bedouin Arabs are small eaters. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day with a very small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

MUSEUMS RARELY DECEIVED

Imitation Fossils Are Quickly Detected by Experts of the Institutions.

According to Dr. W. D. Matthew, assistant Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, there is little forgery of fossils and such things. For one reason the prices paid for articles in this city are not high enough to tempt forgers or even to repay the work necessary to produce a successful imitation.

Yet some imitations are put on the market. There was, for instance, the fraud of which Prof. Cope was for a time the victim.

Prof. Cope made a specialty of fossils and in one of his treaties announced the discovery of the Cretaceous tremontinos, a new variety of mastodon. In a note in a subsequent edition he acknowledged he was mistaken and that no such animal ever existed.

He was led into error by purchasing what was represented to be a tooth of a hitherto unknown herd. Prof. Cope set out to discover the animal to which it had belonged, and classified it among the mastodons. It was not until after his publication of the fact that he discovered the fraud that had been practised on him.

Three teeth of a familiar variety had been glued together in a way that could not be detected except by microscopic examination. Prof. Cope worked out his animal, and it was something even larger than a common or garden mastodon before he took to the microscope.

In the same way a noted English naturalist was several years ago made a victim of a similar deception. A curious and unprecedented tooth was sold to him by a man who declared that he had found it in a part of France especially rich in fossils.

The scientist had made extinct vertebrates his special study. He was working hard over this tooth, and was prepared to produce almost any kind of exotic and extinct animal when his suspicions were awakened as to its authenticity.

It was then discovered that it consisted of three teeth taken from the remains of prehistoric fish and glued together. The teeth of the fish were common enough and singly could have been recognized immediately. It was only the appearance of the three together and attributed to a mammal that mystified the learned doctor.

The Indian relics that are now dug up in the southwest are not believed to be forged to any considerable extent. Every piece that is bought for a museum of any pretensions must be properly accredited, and if its pedigree contains the name of no reputable scientist there is little chance that it will be accepted. In case it has such authentication the testimony of this expert will be sought.

There have undoubtedly been cases in which articles dug up at the home of former cliff dwellers were deposited there in advance, but such frauds have been detected and the money brought by these objects is not sufficient to make imposture on any extensive scale worth while.

Indian dress, arrows, household goods and similar relics are manufactured by the Indians for sale just as they always have been, and they are not sold as antiques by any but the small dealers. The same holds true of the Alaskan relics that are beginning to have an interest for American collectors.

They are made now in larger quantities than ever, and